

**A VISITOR'S OPINIONS.**  
ON SOME SOCIAL ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

Hamilton Aids in The Nineteenth Century.

Those who do not know the United States are apt to speak of the Nation as of one people. Of course, to the American it is a truth that the aggregate of various nationalities which make up our country have diverse and even opposed characteristics; but upon the Englishman of America it would seem necessary to impress him with the fact that there is a certain broad similarity of type; that one American is more like another American than one Englishman is like another Englishman. A man who goes upon the beaten path and sees the originality of once styled "a cranny." Then the conditions of life in the Eastern and Western States are so different that the observations made in one city do not apply necessarily to another; and each of the cities has its own character to guard such other as their intercourses. In New-York the Irish population preponderates so largely that point of view is taken; and the same is true of the Italian, and even of the German.

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If one asks how it comes about so rich a community can allow its streets to remain in the dis-

graceful condition in which they are, there is no one simple inevitable reply:

"We are at the gates of hell."

But the gates of hell have given us many power to alter the state of things."

In Cincinnati and other cities it is the German element that prevails. Newspapers, institutions of all kinds, and the like, are of German origin. The color of society and existence has been largely affected by the mental development of the younger generation. In San Antonio I was told there were seventeen distinct nationalities. In New Orleans there is, as the world may know, a very large French element.

The French created a very large Italian settlement.

And when you have done with the negro in the South (though you never heard of him entirely throughout the United States), you come up to Chicago, and find whole quarters of the cities occupied by a village in California inhabited by them. So many nationalities infest the United States, that the composition of each state is of universal interest.

Self-dependence, enterprise, and perseverance seem indigenous to the American soul, and manifest itself toward the native, a virtue which is not found in any other country.

Whether among those who have carved a name for themselves on tables of stone, as inventors or pioneers, the men who have opened up and civilized vast tracts of this great continent, or those who have labored in yet wider fields of science, the same characteristics are marked.

The true American cannot understand the delight of repose; to him inactivity is irritating;

whether he be the subject of personal or patriotic, an almost feverish energy directs his movements.

Chicago stands as a testimony of this—a city built

but a few years since, and now a great metropolis.

An American never

discovered, never disengaged. Where an Englishman fails, and is heard of no more, the instances here of wealth who had every specimen of good taste, and won the admiration of every one.

The value of this golden metal is that moneyed success—at all hazards—is too much held up to youth as the aim of existence. To some of us, seems it, there are no

limits to the effort of life, such as success.

I cannot say that my observation has led me to the same conclusions as Mr. Bryce, in the estimate he forms of "the pleasantness of American life."

It is probably true that the lower orders are happier, easier, and more contented than persons in the same stations in England. Among the classes of society that follows over-work, among the women the disease of unquiet longing for change, are not concomitants of happiness. Whenever I asked why the lowest kind of "varnish" in society did not improve, it was

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